CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

By ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE.

TWO weeks ago we discussed the author and his earnings from his pen from its serious side. A lighter note is sounded in "My Maiden Effort," which was issued several months ago. The book was made up of the personal confessions of 125 American authors, collected by the Authors' League of America, and published with the imprint of Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company. There is nothing in these confessions to provoke the tear of sublime pity. They do not stir thoughts of Chatterton in his garret, or Poe in his Fordham cottage, or Murger, weakened by semi-starvation, being carried off to the hospital. On the other hand, they serve only to visualize certain prosperous looking and exceedingly well fed authors of to-day.

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IN printing the confessions the chronological order is followed and in discussing them lightly we shall follow that method. For example, the first to speak is Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams, whose latest novel is "Success." Compared to Mr. Adams's experience, the five pounds that Milton received for "Paradise Lost" was overpayment. Mr. Adams actually lost money on his maiden transaction. When an undergraduate at Williams he agreed, for a consideration of $3, to write for a classmate a poem that the latter was to send to his inamorata. The classmate's roommate, finding a copy of the poem, submitted it as his own in a college competition. It took the first prize of $10. Mr. Adams's effort in the competition, which otherwise would have won, received the second prize of $5. Therefore Mr. Adams's love poem meant a net loss of $2. Nor was there any soothing sentimental reward. The classmate's inamorata subsequently married a minister.

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THIRTY-FIVE dollars was the payment for Mary Austin's first story, which was accepted by the *Atlantic Monthly*. Ray Stannard Baker's (the "David Grayson" of "Adventures in Friendship," "Adventures in Contentment," &c.) first successful effort was a poem for which he received a year's subscription of the magazine by which it was accepted. Ralph Henry Barbour was rewarded by $1 from *Puck* for his first literary venture. Gelett Burgess's first contribution was accepted. He accepted it himself for his own magazine, which was two inches square. Then, determined that he would find some one else to print one of his poems, he sent an inquiry to a Notes and Queries column and in a "follow-up" letter supplied the poem to answer the inquiry. "To this day, says Mr. Burgess, "that is the only surety of getting a manuscript printed. To be sure I wasn't paid for it."

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FOR "[illegible] and Frank's Adventure," his first contribution to literature, Ellis Parker Butler received fifty cents, all in one cent postcards. Robert W. Chamber's first essay in authorship was on a more ambitious scale. It was the very charming novel of short length called "In the Quarter." He wrote it to mitigate the ennui of being obliged to live, for a while, in Germany. After repeated rejections it was bought by a Chicago publisher, who issued it in paper form, and, ultimately paid the author $150 for selling a rather large edition and then several other editions. Like many other men of letters Irvin S. Cobb's first ambitions were artistic. He says: "My main design and intent was to be an illustrator and cartoonist. I disposed of three or four crude drawings to *Texas Siftings* and sold one alleged caricature to a long deceased weekly publication in New York, whose very name I have forgotten. For the caricature I received the sum of $1. *Texas Siftings* forgot to send a check."

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EDMUND VANCE COOKE'S first reward was a check for $5 from *Golden Days*. Three dollars accompanied *Lippincott's Magazine's* letter of acceptance of Mary Stewart Cutting's first poem. Coningsby Dawson's maiden effort was a volume of poems issued when he was 22 and for which he received as financial recompense the sum of $20. Edith Barnard Delano's first story, "A Declaration of Independence" brought her $40 from *The Woman's Home Companion*. Walter Pritchard Eaton cannot recall exactly the thrill of a maiden effort, but for a brief textbook life of John Paul Jones, written when he was an undergraduate, he was paid $100. One hundred dollars, or to be exact, 500 francs, was also George Allan England's first return from literature. *The New York Herald of Paris* had offered that sum as a prize for the best translation in verse of "*La Course des Grandes Masques*," which was a spirited description of a cross-country motor car race in the early days of the sport. Mr. England won it with "The Race of the Mighty." He says: "In those days of 1901 500 francs was real money. Twenty years ago a dollar would buy something."

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A PRIZE competition was also involved in Katherine Fullerton Gerould's first venture. Her story "The Poppies in the Wheat" won the short story prize offered by the *Century* for college graduates of 1900. Montague Glass's first story was called "Papagallo." It cost him and the law firm by which he was employed several dollars in postage stamps and he at last disposed of it to a Canadian paper for a trifle less than had been spent on it. "It was," he says, "a fairly bad story, written after the manner of Edgar Allan Poe, with just a suggestion of J. M. Barrie." One dollar and thirty-eight cents was Holworthy Hall's first literary reward, and the memory of it moves him to remark: "Perhaps I was fortunate to escape without an assessment." Cosmo Hamilton went to a London publisher with the manuscript of his first novel, "Which Is Absurd," expecting a check for £1,000. He left the office with a £10 note in his pocket. Jerome K. Jerome promised to review the novel when it appeared. He did so as follows: "'Which is Absurd,' by Cosmo Hamilton (Autonym Library, Fisher Unwin). Quite so."

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HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON began by "writing up" an anecdote and sending it to the Sunday editor of a New York paper. The editor sent back $11 and a letter of acceptance, which the author kept framed for many years. Joseph Hergesheimer wrote for fourteen laborious years before he sold a story. Then his first novel accepted sold 900 copies. For his first accepted serial Emerson Hough recalls that he received $50. Under the pseudonym "Fan Niehurst" Fannie Hurst sent four successive bits of fiction to *Reedy's Mirror*. The last of the four, dealing with the ham-and-eggs courtship of a department store clerk named Eddie Snuggs, she sold for $5. With that $5 she purchased a morocco bound notebook, largely and giltly inscribed "Fannie Hurst, Author." Wallace Irwin, sending a sonnet called "At the Stevenson Fountain" to the *Overland Monthly* and riotously spending the $25 anticipated, was rewarded with a year's subscription.

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BRUNO LESSING'S maiden effort was a block of short stories entitled "Children of Men." He says: "It marked an epoch in literary history. The publisher gave away nearly 5,000 copies to literary editors, who wrote magnificent reviews of it in which my genius was described in detail. After that he sold a couple of hundred copies, on which I received a royalty." Sinclair Lewis's first contribution was child verse, submitted to a woman's magazine. For that the author of "Main Street" received $3. Gertrude Lynch's maiden effort was called "The Story of a Tenor Voice." The editor of the magazine accepting it apologetically offered $30. The story appeared. But the check never came. George Barr McCutcheon is another author whose maiden effort was rewarded with honor only. Ten years elapsed before he disposed of his second story. That time he was paid $15. Cleveland Moffett's first professional effort was a poem, "The Song of the Bank Cashier," which he now regards as a most immoral production for a serious minded minister's son. It was published, without payment, in *Texas Siftings*.

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THREE dollars for a poem called "Grape Bloom" from the New York *Sunday Mercury* was Meredith Nicholson's first return from authorship. William Hamilton Osborne began with a story "The Bank Compounds a Felony," for which he was offered $12. But the editor, being told that it resembled a story that had appeared before, changed his mind. Will Payne, beginning by disposing of his tales for a year's subscripton to the magazine, eventually rose to the dignity of receiving $4 for a story. Hugh Pendexter, happier in his maiden effort, disposed of his first tale for $3.50 and carried the check for display purposes, until he had difficulty in cashing it. The check that the late Robert Rudd Whiting of *Smith's Magazine* sent for the story "The Flat Above" was the first money that Nina Wilcox Putnam earned from literature.

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IN the course of his life as one of the vagrant printers of the old newspaper days Opie Read reached a small town in western Tennessee. There he wrote his first sketch entitled "A Cross Tie Pilgrimage." He borrowed an envelope and a stamp and sent the sketch to the New York *Sunday Mercury*. In due time came a check for $5. Ernest Thompson Seton scored with his fifth attempt, an article on "Housebuilding." Thanks to what he now refers to as a "very heavy pull through a political friend," he extorted from a Canadian magazine $5 for the article of 2,000 words. A prize competition in *St. Nicholas* paved the way to the literary path for Anna McClure Sholl. Her story, called "Helen's Prize Dinner," won the second prize of $20. Arthur Stringer, breaking in, sold, or thought he sold, a full page poem to a Canadian magazine. The poem was, sent in, accepted, printed, and the author was honored with twelve editorial copies of the periodical. But when the long expected letter arrived, instead of a check it proved to be a bill for $3 for the twelve copies.

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THE first money that Booth Tarkington earned from literature was $15, in a short story competition of the *Nassau Literary Magazine* when the author was an undergraduate at Princeton. Incidentally, the story called "The Better Man" was the germ of the novel "The Gentleman From Indiana." Maravene Thompson's first effort was an ambitious one, a novel of 40,000 words, which she succeeded in selling for $200. Arthur Train's first literary earning was a check from *Outing* for $3.31. Just why the thirty-one cents he never fully understood. Louis Joseph Vance in his maiden effort made the mistake of the Unhappy Ending, so "The Death of the Dawn" came back to him with depressing regularity. Taking the lesson to heart, he wrote another story, and this time he sold it to the McClure Syndicate for $25. Eventually he found a happy ending for "The Death of the Dawn" and disposed of that, too.

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STEWART EDWARD WHITE'S professional debut was made with a short story for which he was paid $10. When, for his first novel, "The Westerners," he learned that he was to receive from *Munsey's Magazine* the sum of $500, the price seemed so suspiciously large that he insisted on having it in cash, fearing the magazine would find out its mistake and stop payment on the check. Kate Douglas Wiggin's first advent into print was a three part story, accepted by *St. Nicholas* and paid for to the extent of $150. Mary E. Wilkins's initial venture was the story "A Shadow Family," which won a prize of $50. The first money earned by the late John Fleming Wilson was $25 for a short story that he submitted to *Munsey's Magazine*. The most significant thing that H. C. Witwer remembers about his maiden effort was its title, which was "The Come Back." That is just what the story did from the thirty-odd magazines to which it was submitted.

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ELSEWHERE in this issue of the book section appears the second installment of "What Remains of Dickens's London" in the "Literary Pilgrimages at Home and Abroad" series. The installment deals with the Strand, the Temple and the Law Courts, which Dickens pilloried in "Bleak House," which introduced the immortal case of Jarndyce versus Jarndyce. Some years ago a tangled case came up in the Philadelphia courts. One of the lawyers retained remarked to a colleague that it was as complicated as the case of Jarndyce versus Jarndyce. The colleague, not over strong in literary allusion, looked puzzled but said nothing. It was a week later before he broke silence in the matter. Then he said: "I have gone through the court records of the State of Pennsylvania for the last twenty years and I can find nothing about that case of Jarndyce versus Jarndyce."

Authors' Works And Their Ways

A collection of the best known and most representative old English poems, translated into modern alliterative verse by J. Duncan Spaeth, can be found in "Old English Poetry," a new book from the Princeton University Press. In addition to his work in the English department Dr. Spaeth is Princeton's popular rowing coach.

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In regard to the English woman's present fad of smoking a pipe, W. L. George, who recently returned to London, writes: "Why shouldn't women smoke pipes? They're more convenient than a cigarette, which one always has to flick and which is always falling on things. The Turkish women smoke pipes all day long, and they are the most feminine women in the world. Smoking is a soothing thing — every woman knows that the best time to ask her husband for a new hat is when he is smoking. And it's quite possible that the woman's pipe will become the pipe of peace, for two pipes in the home are better than one. I might give you a private detail: Ursula Trent smokes a pipe, although I didn't mention it in the book."

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Drifting into literature quite by accident after he was 30, Algernon Blackwood's past adventures furnished him unlimited material upon which to draw. He was born in 1869, the second son of Sir Stevenson Blackwood, K. C. B., gentleman usher to Queen Victoria, and Sydney, widowed Duchess of Manchester. His father was a religious fanatic, and Algernon was reared in an atmosphere so excessively pietistic that revolt against the narrowness of miserable sinner religion came to him in his pinafore days. As a youth he was sent to a Moravian mission seminary in Germany, where he remained for two years. Then a course at the University of Edinburgh followed, and at the age of 20 was packed off to Canada to learn dairy farming and shift for himself.

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"Winds" is the name of the picturesque London home which Alfred Ollivant has discovered in London. The ill health which has kept him an invalid for many years, much of the time on his back confined to "a mattress grave," has so far improved that he is able to brave the English winters. "Winds" is the result of a long search for a house somewhere not so far from the heart of things—which of course to an Englishman means the center of London—and yet with the uncrowded spaciousness of a village or a country lane. He found just this, not six miles from the middle of London, but tucked coyly away on Stormont road, Hampstead lane, with a garden of its own and an outlook over rolling golf links that gives the effect of country meadows. Here Ollivant has settled down to his writing, the first year of work uninterrupted by periods of suffering that he has known for a long time.

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Alfred Noyes's California story, "Beyond the Desert," will soon be available in braille for blind readers. It was selected as one of the works to be produced in braille by the class of New York women which has been trained by Miss Madeleine Loomis, director of braille of the Chicago Red Cross.

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A biography just published by D. Appleton & Co. is that of Hugo Munsterberg, written by his daughter, Margaret Munsterberg. "Hugo Munsterberg: His Life and His Work" forms a record of a remarkable career and picture of an interesting personality. The book covers the activities of his life, centering in his pioneer work in psychology at Harvard and spreading out to participation in a multitude of the phases of the nation's intellectual life. Miss Munsterberg's book affords a full analysis of Prof. Munsterberg's work in the science of psychology and of his writings. Much material is also included upon his relations with such men as Royce, James, Eliot, Palmer, Norton, Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Viscount Bryce and many more.

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When Stan Hilgert, the hero of Webb Waldron's "The Road to the World," reviewed in this book section April 2, was 11, he drew up a list of "the ten greatest books of the world," as follows: "Robert Elsmere," by Ward; "David Copperfield," by Dickens; "Lorna Doone," by Blackmore; "Man's Descent From Monkeys," by Darwin; "Shakespeare's Plays," by Shakespeare; "The Tiger of Mysore," by Henty; "Brownsmith's Boy," by Fenn; "Mother Carey's Chickens," by Fenn, and "The Golden Magnet," by Fenn. "The first five," explains Waldron, "were a pure concession to external public opinion."

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According to a note issued by Alfred A. Knopf, statistics for the last six months of the Modern Library show that "Dorian Gray," "The Way of All Flesh, "Whitman's Poems," "Pepys's Diary" and "Madame Bovary" are the five most popular titles. "Treasure Island," "Soldiers Three" and Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways" are the three titles in least demand.

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"Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Life," by Oscar Douglas Skelton, is announced by the Oxford University Press American Branch. The volume is of special interest in the light of recent events in Canada, and it deals fully with the romantic side of Laurier's career. Mr. Skelton is known as the biographer of Galt.

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According to A. R. Orage in his book "Readers and Writers," the so-called "Irish Literary Renaissance" exists only in the imagination of Mr. Ernest Boyd. "As the reader turns over the pages of Mr. Boyd's faithful record," he says, "he cannot but be aware of a gradual obscuration. One by one the lamps lit by Martyn, Moore and others in the earlier pages go out. The vision dies down to a twilight, and finally to black night."

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The first five volumes of the George Moore limited edition will be published some time early in June. This set, as has been previously announced, is the first definitive edition of George Moore's works, will be complete and will contain two volumes which have never been published before, called "In Single Strictness" and "Peronik the Fool," "Daphnis and Chloe," &c. Mr. Moore is writing a volume to replace "Impressions and Opinions," which will be called "A Parley."

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Frederick F. Van de Water, author of "Grey Riders," just issued by Putnam's, comes from a writing family. His grandmother was "Marion Harland"—Mary Virginia Terhune—and his mother was Virginia Terhune Van de Water, a writer also. As a child he was drawn to writing, and it was in large measure due to the guiding hand of Albert Payson Terhune that his ability was developed in the right way.